



HAMBURG, ARKANSAS. The sign flapped in the mountain breeze. I had come so far, could this really be the center for the culinary arts the brochure promised? The first local I encountered, a mud encrusted gent of, say, seventy years or so, proved to be well versed in the pecuniary arts, having relieved me of the five dollar bill I waved from my seat behind the wheel of the rental agency Ford Cavalier without a word. And indeed, that's all I got for my money and trouble pulling over and out of the hog wallow main street, since he then turned, clutching the bill in a meaty pink fist, and went on his way ignoring my protests and shrill entreaties to the contrary. I managed to bounce the Ford to the side of the "road", and donning my ever-present loyal and abiding black rubber hip-waders, deftly tucking the bottom of my trench coat into the top of the mammoth boots, I stepped out of the rental in search of delicacies heretofore unknown even to my decidedly learned palate. I was not to be disappointed, as the reader shall learn farther along in the narrative, however, at this juncture in the tale I must report that in stepping out of the vehicle, I sank in the mud almost up to my armpits, and as this unexpected and unnerving episode transpired, I noted with a mixture of relief and alarm that many of the invisible up to now denizens of this burg began to converge on the scene, eyeing both my person and the car with a fever bordering on relish. One among them slathered and slurped up to the front of the group, bent forward in the river of mud, and as he approached I noticed it was the same loathesome personage I had previously encountered who had fleeced me of the fiver. I took this man

to be a leader of sorts, and later I found this suspicion to be true, he was indeed the (excuse me) Hamburgermeister of the village. It was only after he revealed to the gathering the previous monetary transaction that had taken place between us that the lot of them began in earnest to free me from my dilemma. Hans, the village blacksmith, hooked a wench to the front of my pants, and though she was heard to protest, and not unreasonably so, I might add, since this meant tucking her head first through the button-fly and wrapping her arms round my woolies—and we all know how close it can get in one's woolies, especially in such tightly cramped quarters as a muddy suck-hole—the lass performed admirably in a time of unquestioned crisis. Hans then grappled with her legs, which were kicking wildly, then the rest of them, save the Hamburgermeister, who looked on fondling the by now filthy five-dollar bill, lined up behind good strong Hans clutching him, then each other around the waist in a line tugging and grunting and finally freeing me from my waders and an uncertain fate, though likely being sucked down into the roadway proper; becoming buttress and foothold for some other luckier wayfarer on foot-watch that first step, it's my head. Bundled in a blanket that reeked of equus, freed from the road, my boots my wallet, and finally the wench, who by the end of the sordid ordeal had warmed to your reporter quite naturally, no doubt in thrall of my hidden charms, making the sordid more sordid indeed. Before she ran off to milk her pig she supplied me with a frothy tankard of something hot and steaming, that I watched her strain through the cuff of her matted overcoat out of a pot on the smithy's hearth. The earnest straining procedure had apparently missed a few chunks of some salty pink meat, which I now in retrospect (and having secured the lady's recipe) feel she left in out of the newfound affection shared between us, or perhaps she realized this would likely be the only pint of nourishment I'd gain in my stay in Hamburg, Arkansas, which was, shall we say, short-lived.

Following is her recipe for this delicate bouillon. Join me in the next issue of HAM when we journey to England and the Isle of Hamm in search of truffles.

Ringold Whorson, Gourmet



#### FROTHING PORK BROTH

1 reasonably fresh  
hogg's head, washed  
(optional)  
several pair of dirty  
stockings (you might  
as well do the laundry  
while you're at it, and  
besides, this is family  
tradition)

Boil ingredients and  
drink. Bon Appetite!



## Lamb Project Popularity Explained

# From Our Readers

### Bed-Wetting

I would like to suggest a subject for HAM 'I had a problem with bed-wetting until I was 14 years old. No one wanted me to stop more than me, yet I was thought to be lazy, disobedient, and uncaring. Different forms of punishment were tried, including being made to suck on my wet sheets. This made me feel ashamed, hurt, bitter toward my parents, and isolated from the family. I feel helpful information on this subject would be deeply appreciated.

G. T., United States

*By now, G. T. has no doubt noted the material on this subject in our February 22, 1988, issue.—ED.*

Thank you for the article on bed-wetting. It is reassuring to know that the problem is so common with other families. My son is a bed wetter at the age of three and a half. Before I realized it was a real problem and not his just being too lazy to get out of bed, I used to spank my son (even leaving marks). I also used harsh words and even got my daughter to call him names. He now tells me he doesn't like to wet the bed. When I first heard that, I got a lump in my throat. I feel really guilty for the abuse I gave my son physically and mostly mentally.

Guilty Father, United States

How happy young ones must feel that HAM shows concern about what may be their problem. One possible cause that is not commonly known is that when deep dreaming up to the point of urinating in the dream, the child bed-wets because he forgets that he is sleeping. But if he is quick to note the feeling, he can get up and stop it. Not dreaming up to the point

of urinating in my dream helped me to stop bed-wetting. If young ones that have this problem know this, it could help them. The parents could also assist the child to have this in mind.

T. O., Nigeria

### Comics Artist

The article "A Comics Artist Pursues Happiness" in the February 22, 1988, issue was extremely timely for me. Right up until reading this article, I was planning to make my living by being a comics artist while serving in the ministry. As a cartoonist, I could work hours I like. And I received good results after submitting an application for new cartoonists.

How naive I was! Rather than working just hours that suited me, the work would have commanded my whole time. Also, I realized that I was tightly shutting my eyes to the possibility of promoting mistaken concepts in the minds of thousands of young girls.

M. S., Japan

Thank you for publishing this article. I was one of those "dreamy girls" referred to by the writer. When I entered junior high school, I was at the stage when interest in the opposite sex comes rushing in all of a sudden. While longing for a romantic love of one's own, by reading comic books one can identify with the main characters and experience everything. I was buying thick comic books and getting high by reading the 'fabulous stories' over and over again. I was addicted to comics and couldn't give them up. They became my escape. Young people's thinking is being corroded by comic books. I know because that has happened to me.

Anonymous, Japan

# PICTURE PAGE

## Chowhound

An Arab in Saudi Arabia won a \$20 bet that he could eat an entire goat at one sitting. He polished off the roasted animal in record time but died several hours later. Cause of death: overeating.

F.C. Jerkoffsky



M.T.



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